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Jenny Ruth Yasi

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Fact ☼ Fiction ☼ Rumor

Monthly. For the Portland Harbor Community • Box 10, Peaks Island, Maine 04108

VOLUME 1, NUMBER 9, October 2000



7:30 a.m.

Rush hour, Commercial Street, Portland, Maine 1984.

our theme this month:

History

with essays, poetry, arts, news, letters, photos, quotes, and jokes

writers in this issue: Judith Richardson, Laima Srugonis, Ruth Sargent, Joe Burman, Danny Barksdale

October 2000

Editorial : History and our Changing Lives

by Jenny Ruth Yasi



In 1991, Jenny still had her Nana. In this photo, Nana is 94 years old. Albert Presgraves photo

November's theme will be "Simple Pleasures,"
December's theme is on "Good & Evil."

Join the conversation



send writing and drawings to
Box 10 Peaks Island, Maine 04108
funded by sponsors and subscribers
with special thanks to
Albert Presgraves

IN HARBOR VOICES

We can agree to disagree: this is the intellectually open environment we value in our community, and hope to nourish in this forum. We depend upon donations from members to cover the costs of this journal.

Published by the Yasi/Presgraves
Family on Peaks Island,

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Westbrook

Upcoming themes: Oct. - "History,"
November - "Life's Little Pleasures";
December - "Good & Evil"
Editor/Publisher Jenny Ruth Yasi

Layout and photographs are also by Yasi
except where otherwise indicated
Harbor Voices Box 10, Peaks Island,
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766-2390

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Even if you have always lived here, you're living someplace new now.

When I came to Portland in 1976, it was much quieter, and lots of people wore waders to work. There was never any traffic to speak of. If the Portland jetport existed — I never heard it. The Plante's didn't have that helicopter, and fewer noisy pleasure boats were on the water. Although USM had recently built the Law School, Sam's and the Porthole were serving more fishermen than lawyers, and "The Seaman's Club" wasn't yet an "Old Chicago" restaurant.

The noise that *did* exist was in the form of lots of music, lots of great bands. You'd think recent technology would have sparked more good music today, but musicians didn't have to have a day job in 1980. Rent was cheap. The Good Day Cooperative, the West End Neighborhood Association, the Munjoy Hill Neighborhood Association all were born in this general era of more time and less money. People began to be less blasé about the demolition of the working waterfront, and other historic buildings.

But things were still junky compared to today. The Armory (which now houses The Regency) was just another funky brick building — no entwined dolphins, no health club. The Civic Center was new, the corner of Danforth and York was glorified rubble. In 1978, The Old Port Exchange was just emerging as a popular place to carve a funky storefront out of any number of funky warehouses. Around the small artsy Old Port area was a sea of plywood, broken glass windows, potholes. My favorite shops were the place that made candles, and *Portmanteau* which is the only storefront which continues the tradition of making the goods to sell in-store (selling bags and coats). Mary Lavendiere opened Material Objects (excellent second hand clothes) upstairs on Exchange Street, above where Amaryllis is now. When success drove the rents up in the Old Port, the energy changed, artisans moved elsewhere and now the bars and restaurants don't seem to find it worthwhile to bring in great music anymore.

We used to catch the old ferry boat down past the Port Hole restaurant after parking our 67 Renault on the wooden wharf between the boat and Jay's Oyster bar. Commercial Street also had plenty of free parking, no meters, old train tracks down the middle. Where the gated condos are now, that wharf was all fishing shacks, and services for the fishermen, working boats tied up all along it.

The old Ferry Terminal waiting room was just a dirty wooden, windowless hole in the wall. It was a miserably cold, damp place, so tiny I think only about twenty people could fit comfortably inside. It was an interesting place to observe couples falling in and out of love — but otherwise, if it was a slow evening and the Porthole wasn't open, we'd wait for boat-time at Jay's Oyster bar.

Back on Peaks Island, the road leading up from the boat was cobblestones. There was the smell of sewage puddling up from many yards, no curbstones. Houses were small, cozy, and needed work. We didn't have curbside recycling, but we picked the dump with enthusiasm. Fancy cars were *never* brought out here because the roads would destroy them, and attire was very casual. If you knocked on someone's door, often you'd see a bare butt running to find something to wear. There was an interesting mix of newer hippies and native islanders on the islands, with some transcending the labels. The Star Foundation bought Battery Steele and had some nice community gardens growing for a while. The Cockeyed Gull was a popular island place, with homemade breads and muffins and omelets, a choice of beer or coffee for breakfast, a corner for the kids to play. You can't get a good cheap breakfast on the island anymore.

We couldn't imagine in 1978, before we married and had children, how completely our world is always changing. We were expecting to run out of fossil fuels well before the year 2000, so it's a pleasant surprise that the economy still hasn't collapsed. We were probably wrong to have worried about nuclear annihilation, rather than ozone holes. I was pretty far off when I imagined that by the year 2000, I'd either be dead (age 41 sounded so *ancient*), or making tofu in a commune. What an interesting surprise, where we actually are. A relief really, from those raucous early 80's, when the known risk of catching *herpes* shielded my generation of innocents from the then unknown risk of AIDS. By 1985, the era of free-love was over, and now sex was just another lucrative industry. Back when there was a feminist movement, Portland didn't have two weekly papers funded by the sex industry. Era's of economic prosperity seem to come with a certain pragmatic cynicism, it seems. I'm curious what other people think about local changes.

If you're younger than 30, or you just moved here, it might not seem like the changes we describe here are not all that tremendous. Ask your parents to tell you about what they were doing in 1979. Or try looking at the photos, and reading some of the stories and let yourself get transported back just fifteen years ago, to 1985. Or imagine pre-war to 1920, or post-war 1950. It's not just the harbor that is different, but even the way that we think.

We are beginning to develop a crew of volunteer "Guest Editors." Jennifer Farley will be guest editor for next year's "History" issue, and Matthew Day will take on at least some of the editorial tasks for "Good and Evil" this December. In response to a fair criticism that this is "Jenny Yasi's Voice" she's decided to minimize how much of her own writing goes into *Harbor Voices*, and make more room for *your* writing. Hopefully you have been expecting this transition, and have essays, poetry, stories and ...you guessed it...JOKES all ready to publish! Make this paper *your* Voice — write your own news, get involved, get your friends to write. For more information, or to inquire about sponsorships, guest editor positions, and advertising, contact 766-2390, or voices@maine.rr.com, or Box 10, Peaks Island, Maine 04108



Danny and Michie had fun on Peaks Island. this summer, partly thanks to Nancy and Scott Nash, who answered the door at midnight when Danny and Michie were lost!

Thanks, Peak's Island

If I were to talk about Peak's Island, before I talked about a small fluffy dog that cries for stir-fried broccoli, a hot tub in the middle of an immense herb garden, before I talked about improvisational jazz in an abandoned military fortification, before I talked about chickens, horses, or sailboats, I would probably have to start at Québec City and then jump a couple of thousand miles back in time to Alabama when a former college professor (my first exposure to a New England accent) had a map of Maine on his wall—Dr. Aspinall said, "You like the outdoors, right Danny? One day, you gotta visit Maine." Two years later, his wife, professor of French, sent me to Université Laval without friend or foe in Québec City. I had traveled only as far as I could stretch my means at poor, twenty, a French-English dictionary, indulging myself with vending machine coffee in *la classe de la grammaire française* when Jenny Yasi invited me to her daughter's birthday party on Peak's Island.

This past July was the second time for me to be blessed with a short solace on Peak's Island. My girlfriend, Michie, and I arrived in Portland from Montréal (thanks Greyhound!) late on a wonderful night of summer. Several people being kind to us telling us how to get to the ferry (each set of directions slightly different), we saw a bit of Portland on our way to the ferry.

We took the final ferry for the night, and, not wanting to wake the family with a telephone call, I felt sure that I could find Jenny, Albert, Sophie, Echo's house—so Michie and I would see them the following morning. Yet, I lost us on the island in no time—we were wandering around the island, and I realized a weekend in May one year ago was not enough time to memorize the streets of an island even if one spent most of that time walking the pathways and exploring.

Around midnight I had us so turned around that I couldn't even find where we had started from—we were exhausted from the full day of bus riding, and our backpacks weren't becoming lighter. We decided that the next house that seemed to be occupied by someone awake we would knock and ask for directions if they knew Jenny or to use the phone if they didn't. This haiku I wrote the next morning to Scott and Nancy who were awake and who did know Jenny, who lead us straight to Jenny and Albert's back yard probably not realizing how extremely grateful and in need we were:

what are they thinking
showing us the way
we're gods in disguise?

For me, Peak's Island is a welcoming place of healing. Before you islanders worry that I'm going to build a vacation home in the middle of your wonderful community, you must know that a person couldn't be more poor than I (or rich according to what you're talking about—I have no money). This place of healing is not even your island at all; it's you. Your backyard is pretty, Peak's Island, but it's your "please come and stay a while" that is beautiful. Your cup of hot tea is relaxing, but it's your "have a seat and drink up" that really makes the evening hopeful and real. Your community is gorgeous, and as long as I have friends that will take me into their cabin for a couple of days, Peak's Island remains one of my favorite places on the planet.

Danny Barksdale

Thanks and Love to Dee Dee Baker

Dear Madam,

How else to enlarge on the Peaks Way Anthology than a letter to the editor of *Harbor Voices*?

I was on the island with my two sisters, one from Salt Lake and the other from Westchester, P.A., and four other artists from Pennsylvania. We painted and painted until I was surprised we left any lovely views there for others to see.

One day, I fell off the road and into the bushes that cover the cliff over the rocks. I fell head first and was stuck with my face in the vines, my glasses hanging from a little tree, and my art supplies and camera spread here and there above me.

Dee Dee Baker was driving along in her car and watched me disappear ahead of her. When she got to me she saw only my feet and didn't know how to help me. I needed time to find myself, find my glasses and then to back out up the side of the hill. I think the vines and bushes kept me from going on down to the rocks.

Ms. Baker and another kind lady who had seen my dive helped pick up my supplies. I didn't get her name.

I was not really hurt; just scratched up a bit, but I was in shock.

Now perhaps most people would have stopped — most Peaks people — but this lovely lady hugged and comforted me like an old friend. She was wonderful.

If you know her — this Dee Dee Baker on Reed Avenue — please tell her she is loved by a 73 year old artist from California. I'm told by John and Audry Van Dyk that what she did is the Peaks Island way. I'm so thankful!

Sincerely,

Donna L. Ralston
San Mateo, California



Don't forget!

Fourth Annual Peaks Pumpkin Path
Halloween — Tuesday Oct 31st 4 to 8 p.m.
Bring your carved pumpkin to the entrance of
Greenwood Gardens. Volunteers will keep them lit.
Prizes with lots of categories: largest, prettiest,
most original, scariest, most pumpkins from on
family. Sponsored by the Peaks Island Neighbor-
hood Association

Do you have something to say?
Join in the conversation!

Send words of wisdom, complaints, poetry,
essays, cartoons, fiction, true
stories, news & JOKES! TO:

Box 10
Peaks Island, Maine
04108
or to voices@maine.rr.com

Upcoming themes: November — Simple Pleas-
ures; December — Good & Evil; January we rest
(and pause publication); February— Love Stories;
March — Money

Community Reports

Peaks Island

Senior Housing

Significant progress has been made in Peaks Island's bid to secure property for "independent living" senior housing. Bob Ganley has committed land on Central Avenue — the area currently in use as a Department of Public Works barn — for Senior Housing, assuming that all goes well with the environmental inspections of the property. The City DPW barn is slated to move to the Brackett/Florida Avenue site next year., and says it is committed to passing the deed to the Senior Housing Committee on Peaks Island which believes Volunteers of America —



In 1985, the "Bekery" was a gas station, a lumberyard, and they worked on cars there sometimes, too. This building will likely be very different in the coming year or so.

a national organization with an office in Brunswick — will build and operate 10-12 units of senior housing at the location. VOA provides housing for low-income seniors. The Senior Housing Committee, which was begun with Faye Garman and friends and is carried on after her death by her husband Gerry, Bob Carey, Janine Blatt, Kay Taylor, Don Webster, Monique Levesque, Brad Burkeholder and other Peaks Islanders, has been working on securing senior housing on the island for about 10 years. The project will be discussed October 25th at the island HCD allocations meeting, and again at a general meeting in November when the Senior Housing Committee will bring everyone up to date on the project.

What should a person do who is interested in Senior low income housing on Peaks Island? Nothing yet. "People are wondering if they can choose wall colors, and it's way too early for that," says Gerry Garmen, who advises interested persons to sit tight, and come to the neighborhood meetings. "We have to get the project approved and underway first." The project will not be formally approved until at least the end of December, and construction can't be completed until 2002 at the earliest.

Peaks Island Land Preserve

According to neighborhood Liaison Tom Fortier, the Peaks Island Land Preserve has approached requesting deed transfers, or development restrictions on approximately 90 acres of city owned "recreational open space" which surrounds but does not include the recently designated public parkland (the old gravel pit) at the end of Upper A. Street. The preservation easements would ensure that the natural environment of the trails which surround the gravel pit, and from that area extend to the back shore, will be reserved for wildlife. The land has wooded marshy areas, and drier, rocky woods.

Tom Fortier tells us that "We have a land bank commission, and we want to wait for them to complete their review of island neighborhoods." PILP members are saying that this is an important opportunity for islanders. Help them make a bigger splash to the City Land Bank Commission. Attend meetings of the Land Bank Commission, and don't let them forget to protect our most fragile island environment. See box.

Transportation

Growing out of discussions at the last Peaks Island/City meeting, Councilors Nathan Smith and Peter O'Donnell are putting together a Transportation Committee to look at the unique transportation needs of Peaks Island. It is a very exciting opportunity to look at parking, shuttle service, alternative transportation support, speeding and other transportation issues. The group will be looking for grants and federal funds. Watch for further announcements.

Land Use

The City's Planning Department articulated their definition for "grade" to help prevent the loophole which allowed a builder to gain height by building a mound, and then place their building on top of that. Thanks to the initiatives of Peaks Islanders Steve Schuitt and John Carroll, and the Planning Board, new rules define building heights, predevelopment grades, and earth moving projects, and will insure that height restrictions refer to the predevelopment grade rather than the developed grade of the land.

The American Legion is fundraising for a skateboard park. Jennifer Huntington recently attended a PINA meeting saying the Legion intends to work cooperatively with the Health, Human Services and Education Committee of PINA., and with the general community, in creating a skateboard park for the island's skateboard enthusiasts! She says in the first week, the group has already raised \$600, because people are deeply concerned that island boys be given a safer place to skateboard. The PINA committee will be developing an island survey of available recreational properties and how they might fit with various community interests and needs. In particular, the surveys will provide a base of information to design a closure plan for the former "gravel pit" on Upper A Street according to island wishes. Whether you perceive a need for an island skateboard park, skating rink, teen center, community swimming pool, or something else at the gravel pit, now is the time to get involved and either make it happen, or stop it from happening, whatever your inclination. PINA Health, Human Services and Education Committee meets the first Saturday morning of every month, 9 a.m. For more info call 766-2390 or 766-2514.

School Congratulations to Peaks Islander Grace Valenzuela, who was appointed multicultural coordinator for the City of Portland. Long an advocate for children and families in the multilingual program, she is also known as a strong advocate for teachers.

Did you know that the school playground opens up at 8:15 a.m. now — this is a change from 8:30 a.m. in previous years. So if you're running for that 8:15 boat, you'll want to be especially aware that young students are also running on the way to school.

Barbara Hoppins says she is looking into offering an adult education class at the school this winter., and she's set up the classrooms so that the art-room will be available. Watch for more news as it becomes available!

The Island Institute Fellow, James Essex, is now living above Joan and Larry Blake's and settling in for his 18 month long fellowship. The friendly and down-to-earth Mr. Essex is from Ohio. He says his main concern will be with mapping, and drawing computerized maps for the community to use. If you have an unmarked trail running through your property, or a stream, or other map-worthy thing to tell him about, he says you can call him at his home office anytime at all, at 766-2475.

City of Portland Public Meetings

The City of Portland has many public meetings every week in which citizens are invited to attend. You can find a regularly updated schedule of all public city meetings online at www.ci.portland.me.us.com

From there you would navigate to "calendar" to find the current schedule.

This site also will lead to many other city government sites.

The Portland Waterfront Transportation has its own site, which will interest many of you. You can find it at www.portofportlandmaine.org

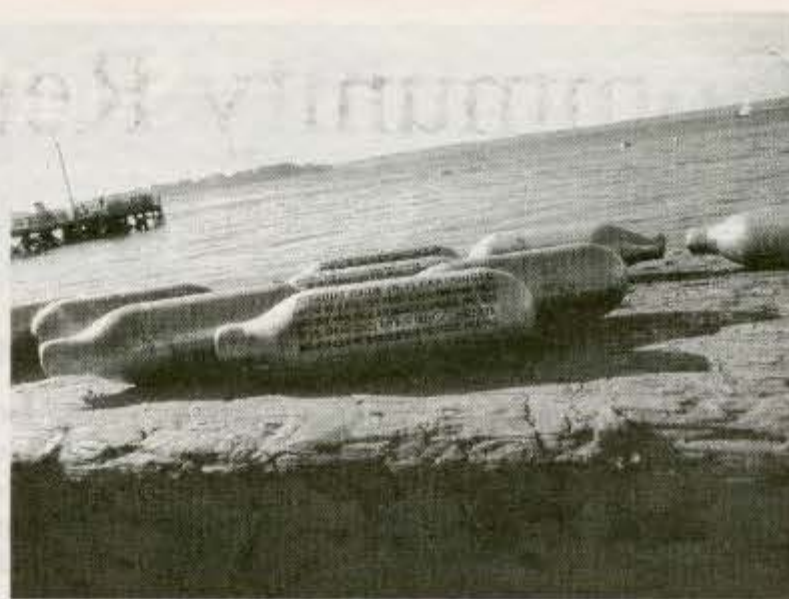
Waterfront Report

John Carroll is Peaks Island's representative on the Waterfront Development and Master Planning Committee (the larger of two City committees working on the "Ocean Gate Way" proposal). This is selected from his e-mail report, which includes meeting minutes You can get on his mailing list at JHCarroll@unum.com.

We spent some time on the question of a public process, and I urged the committee to test the public's real level of enthusiasm for the Gate Way project. We should treat it as a request for spending the city's money, since it will absorb a significant piece of real estate on the waterfront as a parking and queuing area for the Scotia Prince. I have heard the property valued at \$32 million. Would the people of Portland support that type of commitment if it required a cash investment of that scale?

The Ocean Gate Facility Planning Committee will hold its first public hearing on October 18 at 7:00 at the Portland High School Auditorium. This committee's charge includes planning for significant changes to the CBITD terminal, yet it includes only one representative from the Bay Lines, Pat Christian. The island residents and regular users of the terminal have no direct representation and no control over the process or the outcome that will re-shape the terminal, ferry operations, and the neighborhood. I don't think any neighborhood in the city would or should have so little say over a project with such a direct bearing on the residents. If you feel the same, please attend the meeting to ask that the neighborhood have some control over the changes to the CBITD terminal or call Councilors O'Donnell, Gerahty who chair the Planning Committee or **Councilor Hibbard who chairs the committee planning the changes to the CBITD terminal.**

John Carroll



Two dozen small (they're about 4 inches long) nitrous oxide canisters, empty and scattered around a Long Island beach. Nitrous Oxide is used to create a very brief but dangerous "high," which can result in permanent nerve damage and suffocation death. Nitrous Oxide inhalants are especially dangerous for diabetics, and for people who have an impaired ability to process vitamin B12. For more information see <http://www.resort.com/~banshee/Info/N2O/nitrous.dangers.html>

Harbor Master's Report:

John Flynn says people don't need to panic about the report of shipworms. "We've had Shipworms for years – ever since they cleaned up the harbor, and put in the sewage treatment plant, it's been good for the shipworms. That's why the State Pier is all steel pilings. Pretty much everything is either treated wood or steel pilings now." He says the summer cruise-ship season is pretty much over. "The Rembrandt was scheduled to come in, but it belongs to that company that went bankrupt." It was a busy but good summer. "No deaths or injuries. We're watching boat speed and wake. The telephone cable from East End to Little Diamond was broken, but it's all repaired now."

The City is thinking of putting a float off the Government Pier next summer, for seasonal use. "People will be able to tie up to it."

We're sorry to report that not long after we spoke with the Harbor Master, he had an accident and went to the hospital. We send him prayers for the wind to be back in his sails as soon as possible.



The Way it Was: Government Pier on Peaks Island, in 1985. This is the pier immediately to the SE of the Ferry Landing. They've fixed it all up now.

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Harbor Voices is read by over 5000 people.

Upcoming themes:
November —
Simple Pleasures

December —
Good & Evil

The month of January we rest.

February's theme will again be "Love Stories."

***FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE CHILDREN ON *** PEAKS ISLAND

The American Legion Post 142 of Peaks Island has initiated a project for our children to give them a safe and fun place to ride their skateboards. At present, the streets and sidewalks are the only places they can use. The American Legion and no party therein will profit from this volunteer effort, and no portion of donations will be garnished to cover advertising expenses. Our Post has set up a special account for the Skateboard Park Fundraiser alone.

We would appreciate community involvement (businesses, organizations, individuals) so your concerns and ideas can be addressed. This is truly a time for everyone to join together to see that these needs are met.

Local businesses now have the opportunity to have their names listed among the very first contributors to the Skateboard Park Fund in the next Peaks Island Star and in Harbor Voices. Please consider what you are able to donate, and submit your contribution soon so you can be recognized as caring about the safety and future of Peaks Island's children!

Private contributions can be made in honor of or in memory of someone.

Please send any CORPORATE OR PRIVATE donations to:
American Legion Post 142
PO Box 118
Peaks Island, ME 04108
Attn: Service Officer
Skateboard Park Fund

***donations- please specify if you want your name to be published or kept private.**

*****Thank you!!!*****

The above was submitted thanks to Jennifer Huntington.

South Portland

contact correspondent Lorraine C. Lamont
at LCLamont@prodigy.net

Popsey for President Convention Held at O'Rourke's Landing

by Lorraine C. Lamont

Since opening in 1997, O'Rourke's Landing in South Portland has been a place where local residents and tourists can feel at home. Over the past several years, the tavern has evolved into more of a meeting place for its patrons and crew amongst whom a kinship has developed that resembles an extended family. In contrast to the usual "regulars" pubs, O'Rourke's employees and patrons join in fun outside the bar, barter services, have a baseball team and are always there for each other with advice, a laugh, a helping hand.

Sunday, September 17th exemplified this spirit of family and festivity at O'Rourke's as a presidential convention of a different sort got under way. Delegates from fifty states and the U.S. Territories of Puerto Rico and Guam convened to support Bob Auld aka "Popsey", age 63, for President. It was the culmination of several Sundays of diligent effort. Popsey and his patriotic supporters had contributed to the creation of a diverse campaign platform (see sidebar), delegates volunteered, convention plans formulated. An hour prior to Popsey's arrival, all delegates created picket signs for their represented state or territory. Darrin "Diesel" Ingraham celebrated his birthday by donating his time to festooning the bar with balloons and crepe paper. A wealth of hot and cold buffet-style food was provided by many patrons as well as by owner Joanie O'Rourke, Mike O'Roarke and employees Kellee McGowan, Kathy DiMaio, and Bev McDuffie. It is noteworthy that as the day's bartendress, Bev "pumped the gas" that fueled the convention.

At approximately 1:30 pm, with signs in place in the flower bed out front, the big kick-off began: Popsey arrived, looking quite sharp, clad in a dark suit coat, jeans, and a baseball cap. Flocked by self-appointed Secret Service agents Randy Matthews, Capt. Darryl Densmore, and Mike Williams, he entered the establishment to a flood of cheers and camera flashes. With a pleasant expression on his face, he greeted his constituents – "The Cocktail Party, for the people, by the people, of the people..." Delegates, patrons, and employees mingled while enjoying the comedy of Big Bob Glancy and music DJ'd



sincere man – whose company we will continue to cherish.

Note: Anyone interested in contributing to Popsey's favorite "campaign", please feel free to send donations to the Bruce Roberts Fund c/o O'Rourke's Landing, 175 Pickett Street, South Portland, Maine 04106.

A sampling of Popsey's Platform

- Animal rights: Shoot lobsters in the head before boiling them.
- Education: Top Priority – make the little buggers pass some tests.
- Campaign Finance Reform – yes or no; still considering minimum amounts for bribes.
- Transportation – the Federal government will subsidize designated drivers for every citizen.
- Smoker's Rights – all non-smokers must stand outside all public buildings for a minimum of ten minutes per hour (strictly enforced in January).

Presidential Elect Decrees upon Taking Oath

- The Red Sox will win the World Series
- The Celtics will win the NBA Championship
- The Patriots will win the Super Bowl

LCL

by JBQ Entertainment's Bobby Queen and Jesse Butler. Midway through the afternoon, Popsey released his appointees for Vice President and assorted Cabinet posts and gave a humorous but heart-felt speech. There was a moment of tension following as a balloon caught in a ceiling fan and burst sounding like a gunshot. All Secret Service personnel clamored, nay dove to surround and protect Popsey. After receiving the all-clear, several impromptu speeches were given, toasts made, and merriment was had by all. In conclusion, it was a festive and warm day of shared appreciation: for friends and for Popsey – a caring, intelligent, and

Yes! I'd like to help support *Harbor Voices*.

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What would you like in your business listing? _____

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For more information, e-mail voices@maine.rr.com, or call 766-2390.

Back issues available for \$3 each. Feb: Love Stories, March: Near Disasters, April: Animal Stories, May: Dirt, June: On Being From Away, July: Waterplay, August: Architecture September – On Being Educated

Summer on Peaks, 1950

Judith E. Richardson

Back in 1950 school let out in the third week of June, and the four Baillie kids couldn't wait to get to Peaks. Summer meant lazy days on the beach at Spar Cove, hot dog roasts and marshmallows cooked over an open fire, and freedom to roam the pine woods to the heart's content. Peaks was a Portland kid's idea of summer paradise.

We could hardly bear our elation as the tiny car ferry with its load of four cars carried us to Peaks for the price of \$5.00. Arriving at Jones Landing, Dad had to back our big Ford off the stern of the boat and all the way up a long, narrow plank bridge. Then it was a bumpy ride up the cobblestone street to Island Avenue. Brambles snapped the car as we drove up the dirt road to our cottage in the woods.

Opening the cottage was a yearly ritual, sweeping away the dust and cobwebs, filling the wood box, and cutting the lawn with a scythe, trimming with a sickle. The trip over, cleaning up, moving things in, making beds, and getting dinner on the table made a busy first day.

Early in the morning we rushed to the kitchen to dress by the wood-burning stove. Dad would be perking coffee and stirring oatmeal, but the best part of breakfast was making toast over the coals. After securing a slice of bread on the sharp tines of a long-handled fork, we stuck the fork down into the stove and tried to brown both sides of the bread without burning any, covering it with soot, or, worse yet, losing the bread in the fire.

After breakfast Dad took the ferry to work in Portland. Mom and the kids tackled the chores--washing dishes, cooking up salad or dessert for dinner, chopping wood to fill the daily-depleted wood box. Most days there was also laundry to do. Two huge tin tubs on the porch steps served for scrubbing and rinsing clothes, hot water was hauled from a reservoir on the side of the kitchen wood stove, and a tin washboard and lots of muscle provided the cleaning power.

Around noon on sunny days we headed to the beach with our picnic lunch. That the beach at Spar Cove was all rocks and the water frigid didn't deter us. We hopped on our inner tubes and floated happily for hours.

On days too chilly for the beach my brothers took off on their bikes. They'd say they were going down to the dock to fish for mackerel. More likely, they'd sneak through the barbed wire to explore the army reservation. Across the road from our house were two lookout towers which, at that time, were surrounded by low brush rather than trees. From the top, the towers provided a stunning 360-degree view of Peaks and surrounding islands. Bunkers, batteries, and wooden barracks, empty just a few years, offered boys many hours of illicit exploring.

Our cottage had the luxury of a large front lawn for ball games, horseshoes, badminton, and our favorite "Duck on a Rock," a game that involved knocking over a tower of tin cans and trying to retrieve your own can before "It" could make a new tower and catch you. We took turns "walking to China" along a fallen pine that stretched over the side of a hill some ten feet off the ground; few of us ever made it to the end and back.

The boys also had their own triangular-shaped fort built in the center of three trees. It was strictly off-limits to females.

In quieter times we could curl up in the hammock under the spruce trees--but it was dangerous to fall asleep, as a brother was likely to sneak up underneath, dump the occupant out, and claim the hammock for himself. Saturday afternoons we walked down the road to watch the Island ball games and cheer our Dad who played catcher. For a special treat we attended the children's theater and puppet shows in Greenwood Park; "Aladdin and the Magic Lamp" featured both live actors and life-size puppets. Other times, we went bowling at the alley where we rolled small balls toward the duck pins.

Several times a week Mom hauled out the "pick-berry" cans, quart tin cans with string attached to hang around one's neck. Off we marched to pick blueberries. Hopefully, we'd find tall bush berries and fill our buckets in short order. Blueberry pie, muffins, and pancakes were menu staples.

Perishables were stored in the ice box. Situated on the cool north corner of the porch, the wooden ice box had two tin compartments--one for the fifty-pound block of ice with the food arranged on shelves above it, and below this a drip pan to catch the melted ice. We used an ice pick to chop off chunks of ice for cold drinks. Once or twice a week, depending on the weather, Dad took a huge pair of ice tongs over to Echo Pond and brought back a block of sawdust-covered ice from the icehouse.

Dinner was served in the dining room beneath the antique brass oil lamp, burning kerosene instead of the original whale oil. Saturdays we had cookouts, sometimes with as many as fifty guests from the mainland. An old door set on wooden sawhorses served as a picnic table or buffet table, depending upon the need. Marshmallows and popcorn cooked over the fire were always the final treat.

Evenings we moved inside for lively games of checkers, Pick-Up-Sticks, Old Maid, Uncle Wiggily, and Rook. It was before the time not only of TV but even portable radios, so the only music we had came from our own singing. Meanwhile, huge pots of bath water heated on the two wood stoves. Our claw-footed tin tub was fancy with its carved wooden rim around the top. While Mom scrubbed, dried, and dressed us, Dad sat on the hamper and entertained us with wild tales and nonsense poems from the top of his head. Or, we soaped each other's backs, drew pictures, and guessed what the picture was.

Just before piling into bed upstairs, we made the dreaded last trip to the outhouse. It was scary at best and miserable if it was raining and the seats were wet as well as cold. Shivering, up to bed we went by light of a tiny oil lamp. My sister and I shared an old iron double bed with a lumpy horsehair mattress. In June it was still dusk at bedtime, and we'd fall asleep to the sound of whippoorwills; by late summer it was pitch dark when the lamp was blown out.

Nestled in woods in the center of the island, we were closely attuned to the natural world that surrounded us. Wind rustling the leaves of the trees, waves breaking on the back shore, raindrops pattering on the roof, chickadees chattering at the feeder were everyday sounds. Cowslips, lady slippers, and Indian paintbrush were the colors of our forest floor, and the fragrance was pine mixed with salty sea air.

By September, the days grew shorter and the nights longer and colder. Just keeping warm and dry required extra effort, and we were ready to pack up and return to our friends and a new school year in Portland. During the winter we made just one trip to Peaks. In December we hiked out through the snow and cut our Christmas tree. We kids danced around the tree while Dad sawed and trimmed. Then we played Fox and Geese on a huge circle in the snow. Summer and winter Peaks offered us our happiest family times.



The old car ferry, docking in 1984.

Death of the Jig-Saw

by Laima Sruginis

When I studied Education I was taught that lesson plans hold a class together. Without a solid lesson plan a class is liable to degenerate into a cacophony of unrestrained youthful energy—unproductive energy that leads nowhere. This is why, a few summers ago when I volunteered to teach art at Camp Neringa, a Lithuanian heritage camp in Vermont, I immediately remembered the lesson plan. I spent weeks in the Portland library researching art projects suitable for various ages of children; then I called the arts education coordinator at the Portland Museum of Art for more advice.

No one used lesson plans when I was a child spending summers at Camp Neringa. Counselors worked from a combination of intuition, tradition, and Catholic faith. Mostly, we just had a good time. The art classes I attended at the camp as a child were held in a damp stable in the darkest part of the forest just a footpath away from the sunny meadow where most of the other activities took place. The distance and the darkness gave the stable a sense of separateness from the rest of the camp that gave art lessons an aura of mystery unparalleled by kickball or swimming or even mandatory Sunday mass outside in the birch forest. Among the swarming mosquitoes, which the nuns, according to their faith, never swat at, we would learn how to make traditional Lithuanian crosses. With a primitive jigsaw we would cut identical patterns traced onto thin pieces of leftover paneling and then glue them together into a traditional Lithuanian roadside cross. It was important to achieve several things: to cut the basic cross evenly, not to go off pattern when cutting the snake-like waves that represented the pagan Sun goddess peeping out from behind the cross, and to glue the Popsicle stick pickets carefully around the base to simulate a fence without leaving gobs or generally making a big mess. The results pleased parents, who were happy to see Lithuanian "folk art" being passed down to younger generations, and pleased the nuns who watched closely for future novitiates.

Today Camp Neringa is no longer run by the nuns, who have become quite elderly, but by a group of parents and former campers. We all like to see our children engaged and we like to see their day planned out and productive. I was sure that my more contemporary art curriculum would go over well with the parents and the children.

A few hours before my first class I walked across the sunny field and into the damp woods to set up in the stable. When I unlocked and forced apart the stable doors my senses were flooded with smells I had not encountered for over a decade: the moss growing up the sides of the plywood walls, the musty dampness, the smell of paint that never dries. Layers of children's names were painted all over the walls and I could see them before I even pulled on the chain dangling from the ceiling that switched on the one fluorescent lamp. Rasa, Milda, Zivile, Vytautas: these were names that rang true while at Neringa, but were strange or exotic anywhere else in the country. We were the children and grandchildren of war refugees who had lost their homeland, we belonged to a country that no longer existed, but when we came to Neringa for those few weeks we were a community. Our names identified us.

As I walked up the narrow stairs to the upstairs loft I couldn't help but feel excited by the weight of the stable's keys in my hands. Now I held the keys to the cabinets that lined the walls downstairs. As a child I always felt that those locked cabinets must contain treasures.

Excitedly, I unrolled large sheets of white drawing paper across the loft floor and set up generous amounts of paints and brushes at strategic areas alongside the paper. Finally my first group arrived—twelve eight and nine-year-old boys, already notorious for raising hell after only one day at camp. I would engage them. I asked them to sit down along both sides of the paper opposite a friend. After a few minutes of observing each other, they were to paint each other's portraits onto the mural. Fifteen minutes later paint was smeared all over the paper, the floor, the walls, but there were no recognizable portraits. The boys rushed out before their allotted thirty minutes had passed. Then the next group entered: eight six-year-old girls. They dutifully painted each other's portraits without enthusiasm. Next came a group of ten-year-old boys who fulfilled the assignment, but with obvious boredom.

What was I doing wrong? I reviewed my lesson plans. I had an objective, I had an activity, I had a goal and lots of wonderful materials that the nuns of my day could only have dreamed about.

One of the ten year olds interrupted my reverie. "We've all finished. Is it okay if we go downstairs and hammer?" he asked.

"What do you mean—hammer?" I replied.

"I'll show you," he said and led me downstairs. He pointed at the locked cabinets wordlessly. I fumbled with my keys and found the one that fit. Inside the cabinets there were boxes of small hammers, saws, nails, screws, and large bins filled with bits of strap wood and paneling—leftovers from the decades of folk art crosses. Together we pulled out the tools and materials and set them out. The entire group followed us downstairs. I invited them to go ahead and "hammer". Within a few minutes the stable was filled with the sounds of concentrated hammering, sawing, gluing. I ran upstairs and brought down the paint and paintbrushes. The boys were solving problems, testing ideas, and producing art. Most of this art was in the form of guns and other weaponry, but it was created with care and it was unique to the individual producing it. They were engaged. Despite all our carefully planned activities ranging from organized sports to nature walks, I hadn't seen this group truly involve themselves in anything. They were in control of their art projects and that made all the difference.

Soon I was sawing and hammering along with them.

"I live in South Boston," one boy said, "and in South Boston you've got to protect yourself."

When I was a child attending Camp Neringa we were a homogenous group: Our parents had been war refugees, escaping Stalin's forced labor camps. It didn't matter if we came from Ontario or New York; we were basically raised in the same way with a gentle longing for the homeland. These children were a mixture of the grandchildren or great-grandchildren of the refugees of the forties and fifties and the children of economic immigrants who had left a recently free Lithuania looking for a better life. They were growing up in the inner cities of the northeast, bewildered by the violence they saw around them, the violence and poverty they had left behind, and suffering from the loss of the extended families that would have raised them back home. Many of these children were growing up in cramped apartments, their parents working two or three jobs to get by, and had little freedom to play.

When the bell rang to go on to the next activity I had a hard time getting my group of ten year olds to leave. I promised them they could come back during their break.

Next a group of ten-year-old girls entered the stable. This time I gave them a choice. They could either work on the project I had designed for them or they could roam the stable, collect whatever they could find, and "hammer". They all chose hammering.

This group designed cities complete with furnished apartment houses; some created abstract sculpture ala David Smith. Soon again I was drawn into their talk and I was trusted.

"I came here to learn Lithuanian," one girl said to me. "I was adopted by my American parents when I was nine, but I've forgotten all about Lithuania. All I remember is that I had a grandmother there and she loved me very much. When she calls on the phone I want to be able to talk to her." She looks up at the names painted on the walls, tracing them with her finger. "That one, 'Rasa'," her finger stops, "that one was my name when I was in Lithuania; it means 'Dew', but now my name is Mary Jane."

Throughout the week the children and I discovered more and more boxes of leftover pieces from the days of the jigsaw projects. The wavy points were the most coveted items—they were good for transformation into just about anything, especially rocket ships or flower petals. The Popsicle pickets were good for building structures and some of the curved pieces served well as the hulls of boats or the underbellies of ducks or swans. The objects my art students created were not easily identifiable, nor were they neat; there were many gobs of glue and a lot of paint was spilled, but they were theirs from start to finish. The results may not have pleased the nuns or maybe not even the parents, but they pleased the children. Now that I think about it, I'm not really sure who taught art that year at Camp Neringa, but I don't think it was me.

Laima Sruginis

The Way Things Used to Be



Popeye's, 1985

"Peaks Island is not what it used to be. We used to have three wharves – Evergreen, Trefethen, and Forest City. The boat used to stop at all three. We had the Inns – Oceanic, Ye Headland Inn on the backshore at the end of Reed Avenue. There was the Knickerbocker Hotel at Evergreen, and all the summer boarding houses, that furnished meals.

There were more people in the summer, but also a good year-round community. The Peterson's across from Webber's Store had eight children there. There were several families of Sterlings, the Weavers, Jensens, Varneys. There was the Valley View House (a hotel) up to about 1915, but they had a fire and it burned. In the summer it was full of guests.

Webber's Store had a good summer business, a branch Post Office – there were five or six groceries on Peaks Island. They tried to make Webber's Store go year round, but there wasn't enough business.

There was a bowling alley at Forest City. Alongside the Gem theatre was another bowling alley. Isaac Alberts had a variety store and taxis. He was in

competition with the Peters who had taxis too.

Portland was civilized. The boat landed at Custom House Wharf, the Car Ferry at the Portland Pier. It was owned by Edgar Rounds – he did a lot for the island. He had water companies down here before the Portland Water District took over. He brought sidewalks down to Webber's Store, but I guess it got too expensive.

Commercial Street in Portland had several grocery wholesalers, and the islanders took advantage of Swifts, Cummings Bros., Cudahy wholesalers. They had rounds of beef.



Lining up for the old car ferry

I went to the Peaks Island School, graduated in 1922. The school went to the 8th grade back then and I think there were 15 in my class. It's still nice place in the summer, but I wouldn't want to stay through the winter."

John Allen, Peaks Island

"DiMillo's was here, but the condos weren't. That was Central Wharf, 1980. Charlie Johnson came in with 165,000 lbs. of fish one day. [Then the catch declined for a number of years but has recently bounced back

up]. The six inch + law has paid off. Six years ago you'd only catch 3 baskets of flounder, now you go out and get 10-12 baskets." Dickie Newcomb



Peaks Island 1985

"Harbor Lunch went out of business – that's where Portland Coffee Roasters is now. It was a gritty eggs & bacon place. There were all these bars – the Friendship, The Holy Mackerel out on Chandlers Wharf, Joe's Bar & Grill where Starbucks is now, Café Domas. [Editor asks if he remembers a great guitar player who used to play at Café Domas] Oh yeah, that was Carlos Cuellar, and his wife Nancy, they ran the restaurant, and he played jazz guitar. He was in the *Franklin Street Arterial* (band). Remember *The Blend*? I was into Bill Chinook, C&W Mow. Co. Those guys used to mow lawns by day and play music by night. There was *Them Fargo Bros.*, *The Blues Prophets*, *Devonsquare*. Before Horsefeathers Restaurant (which regularly hosted great music) it was the Oasis. They had *Shorty Hill* and *The Longhaulers*, and *Ina Mae Woe*. She was very talented., I went to a very memorable concert [she'll be playing with Leo Kottke in Portland this month]. *Bluebeards* was a top-less place in the Cinnamon Building. There was *The Hollow Reed* [a vegetarian restaurant – Janet Anderson used to cook there].

[Talking about the old Casco Bay Lines Ferry Terminal]: It had *vintage* bathrooms. Remember John at the ticket window who gave us tickets? I often wonder who got the signs that were on the wall there. One said, "So Nice to Sea You," and the other, "Modern Steele Yachts."

I worked at *The Sweet Potato* [a higher quality forerunner to what is now *FACE* magazine], with David and Ryan Wright. That's how Barbara and I met – we were both in the art department at *Sweet Potato*." Tom Morse

"Tim Honey, he was a tennis player, and a City Councilor– money was appropriated for a tennis court on Peaks Island, but somehow he had a summer place on Long Island, and the courts went to Long.

I was born at Dr. Richard P. Blacks' Hospital, at the old Catholic rectory. It was a race to see which baby was born first, to see which baby would be named after the doctor. I was born first, named Richard P. Alice Boyce's brother was born at Black's. He was Richard D.

There was a once a guy out here [Peaks Island], claimed to be Lindbergh's kidnapped son. He came from California in the 60s or 70's. He was a model citizen, he and his wife or girlfriend. Painting, doing odd jobs. One day a fireman had a detective magazine that had copies of wanted people, and that guy's picture was in there. He called the police, and getting off the ferry, they got him, and the fireman got to claim the reward." Richard Erico



Working Waterfront, 1985

"We had the Port Store –one of the first shops in the Old Port. It was a happy time. There was the Craft House, Paper Patch. People were making arts and crafts right in the store. Steve Nielson did pottery and jewelry. Danny Cyr was doing leather. Rent was only \$50 a month but the place was a mess – we had to do everything. We aimed for no duplication in any of the stores, so if I bought had the same thing that someone else was selling, one or the other of us would buy it all.

The back shore of Peaks Island was very quiet. I think it was 1978 when we moved in to our place. Not too many people were willing to stay year around then – there were artists studios (summer places). Betty Heller

Arts District

Okay folks,
let's talk music this month.

Who out there has heard of Raymond Scott? I'm hoping someone has, but even if you haven't I would practically guarantee you're familiar with his music if you've ever sat down to watch some good ol' animated mayhem starring Bugs Bunny. That's right, Raymond Scott was the mastermind behind some of the most memorable music found in cartoons ever even though he never wrote a note specifically for cartoons.

Born Harry Warnow in 1908, Scott began recording music with his six member Quintette in the late 30's. The music, which included such timeless classics as *Powerhouse*, *The Penguin*, and *Dinner Music For a Pack of Hungry Cannibals*, was wildly popular and sold like mad. It was not taken seriously, though. The jazz community, to which he is usually most closely linked, insisted what he played was not jazz as he allowed no room for deviation from his arrangements, and the rest of the music world called it jazz that was too playful and whimsical to be serious music.

His detractors did not phase Scott much, though. What bothered him instead was the constant complaining from his band. Scott was something of a slave driver in that he insisted on absolute perfection and would practice his band until their fingers wouldn't move and their lips were numb. Even with this maddening practice schedule it took them eight months to be able to play their first song to Scott's standards. All this frustrated Scott immensely, so in the early 50's he turned to his other passion in life: engineering.

Scott made enough money working as a big band leader in the 40's that he was able to retreat to his Long Island home to design and build the perfect musicians to play his music. His machines would never complain or grow tired and would do the same thing over and over until told to stop. For Scott this was indeed perfection. Among these inventions were the Circle Machine, a device that recreated sounds in a programmed sequence, the Videola, a machine that ran a movie projector remotely so one could set a TV on a keyboard and compose music for films easier, the Clavivox, a keyboard that made playing the Theremin a breeze, and the Electronium, an instantaneous compositional device that could not be used to play existing music.

All these devices were years and even decades ahead of their time and won Scott the respect and interest from such people as a very young Robert Moog, Jim Henson, and Motown's Berry Gordy. Gordy in fact hired Scott as head of research and development for Motown, but never got a finished product from Scott because Scott kept re-working his designs until Gordy simply gave up.

Scott used his machines to create music for commercials mostly, but also created a series of three records entitled *Soothing Sounds for Baby* in 1963 designed to provide babies from newborns to 18 month olds with something to soothe them as well as pique their interest. The records are available on CD and I've got to say on a personal note that these albums don't only work on babies, they knock me out as well. These albums are also very interesting when considered in relation to early electronica. Scott once again was about a decade ahead of the rest of the world with his minimal pulsings and simple yet haunting melodies.

Unfortunately, Raymond Scott gets little recognition for anything other than his early work that Carl Stalling worked into the soundtracks to Bugs's and Daffy's mayhem. Much of this is due to the fact that Scott did not seek patents on most of his inventions. Not only did he not patent most of them, he wouldn't even let most people see them much less explain how they worked. He was a pure mad scientist involved in his experiments simply for his own personal pleasure.

On the plus side, though, several musicians have banded together to help sing Scott's praises. *Reckless Nights and Turkish Twilights* was released in 1992 and showcases Scott's early and most famous works. I would recommend that anyone, and I do mean anyone, regardless of age, buy this album. It is immensely fun and includes some of Scott's best works. Also worth picking up are the Beau Hunk's tributes to Scott. They recreate both Scott's best and lesser-

by PHIL STUBBS

known pieces and although not quite as well performed as the originals, their versions are certainly worth hearing. As mentioned earlier, *Soothing Sounds for Baby*, all three volumes, are available and are great for electronica enthusiasts and those looking to relax. And finally, a two disc set entitled *Manhattan Research Inc.* just released this summer includes much of Scott's later work. Specifically, many commercials, electronic reworkings of earlier pieces, and original collaborative efforts with Jim Henson appear on the discs.

Although these discs are not as obviously entertaining as those listed above, they are fascinating from a historical standpoint as everything was made with machines in the 50's and 60's a decade or two before anyone else began doing this sort of thing. Plus the Jim Henson stuff is really rather disturbing and worth owning in and of itself.

For more information about Raymond Scott's music and machines visit www.RaymondScott.com.



Lots of former and maybe even future Peaks Islanders were in attendance at Anne Sibley O'Brien's "White Lies." Here are Michael Diamond and Carolyn Rossein, who lived on the island for a long while, but now live in town. Michael used to work with Barry Shaw. As you can tell, they enjoyed the show!

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Local Arts Reviews

Harbor Voices is setting up an alternative, and hopefully more respectful system — we call it *peer reviews* — for getting your book, CD, performance or art show reviewed.

If you are an artist, musician or writer willing to give as well as receive a thoughtful review of local work, contact us at Box 10 Peaks Island, Maine 04108., voices@maine.rr.com, or 766-2390. All our reviewers — except Phil Stubbs, who does whatever he wants — will have to sit on both sides of the fence, as both the reviewer and the reviewed.

Say for example you know that you will be releasing a CD this spring. If you review a local CD release for us now, we will make sure that a well qualified peer (a local musician as much as possible of your genre) will review your CD when it comes out. The idea is to encourage the sort of positive criticism which nurtures both developing and emerging artists.

If you like this idea, please contact us ASAP. We've got a great crowd of musicians already on board, so we'll start with a few peer-reviewed local CDs next month. Stay tuned, and spread the word!

Jenny Ruth Yasi



Left: Children's book author and illustrator Anne Sibley O'Brien celebrates with a friend a performance of her original performance piece, "White Lies — One Woman's Quest for release from the enchantment of whiteness." Chronicling her proud heritage opposing racism (she says her Great-grandfather maintained a stop on the underground railroad), she also revealed her own unwitting indoctrination into the racist mind-set, her determination to purge herself of "white supremacist" toxic thinking, and to "be herself."

We hope that this is just a stepping stone for collecting a *diversity* of perspectives on "the meaning of whiteness" — and getting the program on cable television!

Community Television Network

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Studio Audience Needed

Public is Welcome!

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on Tuesday, October 24th, 2000

At 5:30 PM

Refreshments Served, followed by

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Studio Audience Participation is Encouraged,

or Just Come to Learn Something New!

For More Information and to RSVP, Call 775-2900, Ext. 5

(30 Seats Available, Limited Seating Please Call Early.)

"Together We Can Make Great Television!"



The Lyric Theatre gave a great performance of *Annie*, the cast here is bowing to a standing ovation October 7th. Kristen Jensen, who played *Annie* on the night we went (Courtney Leftis shared the *Annie* role), is shown here with her mother and sister. Everyone was great! We are especially *desperate* to see Keenan Martin again She the perfect antidote to niceness as the drunken and evil Ms. Hannigan. You might already know that Peaks Island's Riley Critchlow played a peppery Pepper (what a voice!), and musical directors Reggie and Gloria Bonnin made the music flow so sweetly that we've been singing "*Easy Street*" for a week. Congratulations also to directors Ralph and Marion Barnes! (JY)

SIXTH ANNUAL SACRED AND PROFANE EVENT TAKES PLACE AT PEAKS ISLAND'S BATTERY STEELE

Join us for a unique autumn event mixing art, music, dance, food, and pageantry

On **Saturday, October 14, 2000** Portlanders will once again have an opportunity to experience *The Sacred and The Profane*, an annual celebration of the season by a group of local artists, at **Peaks Island's Battery Steele**, an abandoned WW II gun emplacement overlooking Casco Bay. This year marks the sixth presentation of the event begun in 1995, when a group of artists including Michael Libby and Tom Faux first conceived of an artistic presentation that would take place away from the confines of a gallery or concert hall. The result is a unique island event that combines the work of ten area artists with elements of celebration based on universal ritual cycles.

A dozen artists will fill the underground rooms of the battery with paintings, music, theater, and dance. Participants are asked to take the 2:15 boat from the Casco Bay Lines to Peaks Island, where a parade of dancers and costumed musicians coordinated Portland performance artists Anti Friend Hut will escort everyone on a 20-minute walk to the Battery. The creations on display within the ruin will include works by Ruben Little, Robert Lieber, Dennis Nye, Margaret Gould-Wescott, and many others.

After the subterranean journey is complete (about an hour) all are invited to climb a small hill to the top of the Battery, to watch the sunset and share a harvest feast prepared by Louise Fry. As the sun sets, the full moon will rise over Casco Bay and the Sea Slugs will conduct a moon and torch-lit contradance. Boats return to Portland at 6:00 PM, 7:15 PM, 8:15 PM, and later throughout the evening. Warm clothing is strongly suggested.

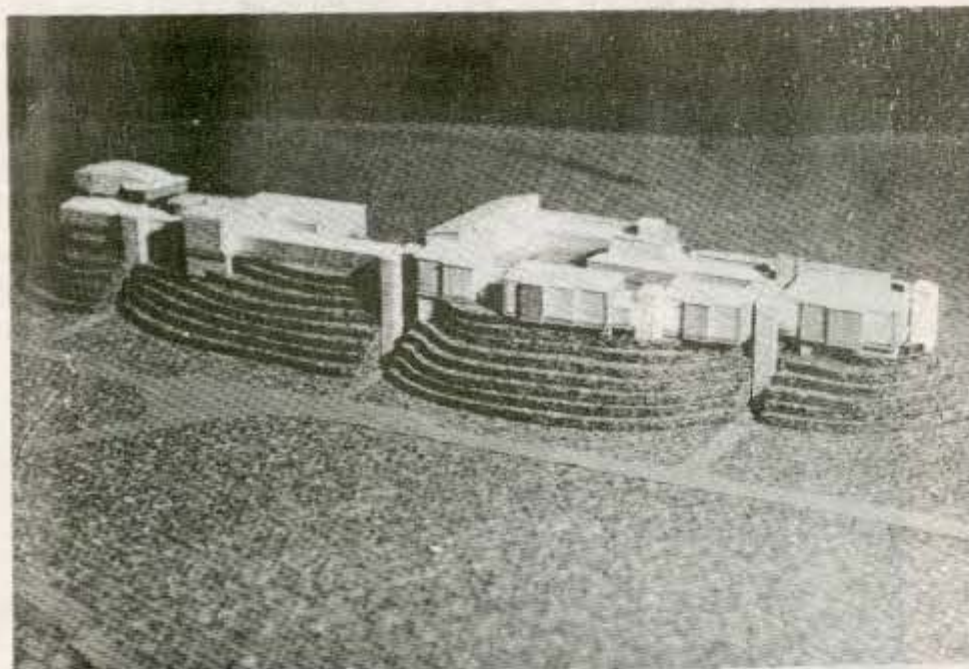
Tickets to the Sacred and Profane are \$10.00 in advance, \$12.50 on the day of the show, free for children (boat tickets to Peaks are not included) and are available at Amadeus Music. For more information call Rob Lieber at 766-0038, or email: <Robertlieber@yahoo.com>

Something that *didn't* happen at the Battery Steele

This item comes from a 1970 island publication, "Peaks Island Directory" "Our Island is a Gem."

"The proposed International Conference Center facility is at the right over the gun installation. The area at the left is a residential complex associated with the Conference Center and joined by sheltered walkways.

Plans call for raising \$5.6 million to start construction within two years. Governor Kenneth M. Curtis is honorary chairman, and Senator Edmund S. Muskie is a consultant. The present Battery Steele could someday look like this....." Umm...no, it can't look like that. The land is now protected under a conservation easement thanks to the Peaks Island Land Preserve.



In 1984, there were some heavily used community gardens and greenhouses on the Battery Steele property. In 1985, the greenhouses were destroyed by vandalism, gardens were vandalized, and the project was scrapped.



In 1985, Betty Van Wyck and Ae took a break from dancing at a wedding which had been held at the Battery Steele community gardens.

Of a blueberry god

Yes! Wince! Ye neglecters of fruits.
Yes! Grimace at the disasters of squashed fruits.
That blueberries were lost in this moment
To the violent highways,
Trodden to juicy pulps by the gospel of commerce,
Unrelenting routes that won't stop
Not for your life!

Some blueberries deep within a basket of blueberries
Have leapt out in a spilled summer
From clumsy hands
Rolling salient on the sidewalk
Treasures to be recollected and held like hands
By those who
Understand, perhaps who suddenly understand at the
sight,
This magnificent accident, which might be no
accident at all,
Of a blueberry god,
Splashing the sidewalks with potential pericarpial
joys,
That spur deep within hearts love.

Danny Barksdale

In Memory of Machinist Mate 1st class James Cass

He loved the sailors' life
though he worked near the bilges
I saw him on deck one afternoon
he hadn't seen the sky or sea for days
with outstretched arms he looked at me and said
isn't it beautiful!
I was caught in his exuberance and smiled
not saying a word
later, as these things happen
in the line of duty
of course
they put the pieces of James Cass
in the green body bag
and I can now answer his exuberance
by saying
not always.

Joseph J. Burman
March 1978



Peaks Islander David Smith has a pretty enthusiastic helper to help him sell honey at the Common Ground Country Fair Farmers' Market.

We saw lots of islanders at The Common Ground Fair in
Unity. We even caught a few with the camera,
Including:



Michelle and Scott



Mike, Frederick, Barbara; and Leah and family



David Beringer, (with Jody and Hadie) who islanders know for his years of service at the Peaks Island Child Development Center, were also spotted at the Common Ground Fair. They're living in Pownal in their straw bale home now, and they say it works great! They send everyone a hearty hello!



Peggy and Mary Jane

Next month, the theme is

"Simple Pleasures"

If you would like to submit something to

Kids Only, write to:

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Peaks Island ME, 04108

YOU DON'T HAVE TO BE ON THE
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The editor of *Kids Only* is Sophi Presgraves
you can send us things by e-mail to
voices@maine.rr.com



Poems:

Sick

by Echo Presgraves

My tummy aches, I feel the worst,
my head is just about to burst!

From my toenails to my hair
the pain is spreading everywhere!

I'm sick, sick, sick, it stinks, it's rotten
my playing days must be forgotten.

"Take this pill," said doctor mother,
"You're turning green," said dear old brother.

Down the hatch with this rotten pill.
But what will this do to cure being ill?

They tell about blood cells white and red,
but what about me lying sick in bed?

I cough I wheeze, I think I may die,
no one will care, I'll just leave with a sigh.

I drift to sleep with death as a warning,
but when I awake the very next morning,
I leap out of bed, quicker than quick!
I jump up for joy, I'm well, not sick!

STRIKERS

by Shannon Philbrick age 10

The strikers are mad like the angry sea
They hold up their signs as if to say 'get
away'

As cars go by they beep their horns like
howler monkeys

And at night like cats on the prowl walk
around the huge statue

Whispering to each other and thinking hard
about the day to come

As I drive by in my car I say to myself
should I wave or keep it to myself?

They wave to me with their smiling faces
like the bright sunshine

And still I think shall I wave or keep to
myself?

Did you know that ...

Long Island used to have logs hauled off
of it in the winter when the bay froze?

Fort Gorges was built in 1858? Charles
Rust lived there as a caretaker, and during
that time his granddaughter was born! In
1960 the fort was bought by the city as a
historical site, and it is now open to the
public.

Casco Bay used to freeze over all the way
to Long Island?

Many people from Chebeague married
soldiers? During W.W.II hundreds of sol-
diers were stationed on the island and
some of the residents got married.

Peaks used to be a major tourist attrac-
tion? There were hotels, theatres, and
amusement parks on Peaks. They even
had their own Ferris wheel! The mainland
had railways for easy transportation and
many shops and stores.

Jokes

● Two Eskimos sitting in a kayak were chilly.
When they lit a fire in the craft it sank, proving
once and for all that you can't have your kayak and
heat it too.

☺ Two boll weevils grew up in South Carolina.
One went to Hollywood and became a famous actor. The
other stayed behind in the cotton fields and never
amounted to much. The second one, naturally, was known
as the lesser of two weevils.

● A three-legged dog walked into a saloon in
the Old West. He slid up to the bar and announced
"I'm looking for the man who shot my paw."

☺ Did you hear about the Buddhist who
refused his dentist's Novocain during root canal work?
He wanted to transcend dental medication.

● A man entered his local paper's pun
contest. He sent in ten
different puns, in the hope that at least one of the
puns would win. Unfortunately, no pun in ten did.



Peaks Island girls scouts got to go on a camping trip fall! They went canoeing,
made crafts, ate, and had a lot of fun! Here they are with Troop Leader Marsha
Greenberg.

Members can use bulletin board space for free.

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1/2 size Violin for sale, comes with excellent case, rosin, extra strings. Made in Korea. Used but in very good condition. \$100 or best offer. 766-2390

Wanted: Pictures of Peaks Island for possible book. Dates 1930-1960 Houses,—Buildings—People—Scene— Will pick up, copy and return—Kay Hasson Loring 799-4554 or kloring@maine.rr.com

What is an Islander?

by Ruth Sargent

An islander is one who—

...hears music in the crash and roar of breakers, accentuated by the voices of the gulls, ships' whistles, and buoy bells.

...is proud of being quaint and keeps one hand on the past.

...values things in terms of beauty and comfort rather than speed and convenience.

...insists upon using up the old before breaking in the new.

...measures his wealth in terms of friendships. Is aware of his neighbors' needs and takes time to supply them — from a smile and a word of encouragement to a fresh-baked cake or extra trinket.

...dines on baked beans 51 Saturday nights per year.

...bears a touch of hermit and knows the peace of solitude

...prizes his individuality and finds it difficult to conform.

...is related to other islanders.

...is stimulated by the scent of seaweed, salt and burning driftwood.

...decorates his home with beach combings.

...cannot bear crowds and refuses to wait in lines.

...likes to walk, whether for transportation, exercise, or just to 'neighbor' around.

...enjoys exploring new scenes and locales, but is convinced that none can surpass the surf on the backshore.

...can easily identify the trees, wild flowers, plants and birds that surround him.

*(from a longer piece published in
Peaks Island Directory, 1970)*

Do you have a meeting announcement you'd like to post here?

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Volunteers Needed. Research assistants, editors, neighborhood correspondents, advisors, and other help needed Contact *Harbor Voices*. If you can help get the paper to a central place in your neighborhood, call us at 766-2390. Writers e-mail us at voices@maine.rr.com or write to Box 10 Peaks island, Maine

YOGA!

Group or individual lessons. Come home to yourself and discover your natural strength, wisdom, flexibility, integrity and kindness. Call Rebecca Stephans for schedule 766-3384

Tori Morrill, with her band Inanna, just release their new CD entitled "Skin and Bone" which is available for purchase at The Mercantile. Tori is giving lessons in world percussion. If interested please call 766-5708.

Harbor Business Directory



FETCH *We Deliver to the Islands*
Munjoy Hill's Alternative Pet Supply Store
773-5450 fetch@maine.rr.com
02 Congress St, Portland

The Breakaway Lounge
35 India Street * 541-4804
Live Music and Dancing Just a Short Walk From The Boat

Unisun
solariums, sunrooms, general contracting
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Gilbert's Chowder House
92 Commercial Street • 871-5636
GREAT CHOWDAH

Island Bay Services
766-3375 Covey Johnson
Backhoe Work, Earth Work Contractor

Pet Positive
P.O. Box 6247 Cape Elizabeth
CLICKER OBEDIENCE TRAINING
www.petpositive.net

Island Recreation and Horse Camp
Jeanann Alves-O'Toole
P.O. Box 51 Peaks Island, Maine 04108
207-766-2763

City of Portland Liaisons for Island Issues
Tom Fortier, Island Administrator 756-8288
Lt. Ted Ross, Portland Police 874-8569

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BOY SCOUTS — TROOP NO. 76 PEAKS ISLAND

FRONT ROW: M. Weatherington, G. Alexander, P. Curran, P. Hansen, G. Alexander, G. Watson, M. Reed, C. Hansen, R. Parent
SEATED: R. Green, S. Foss, A. Alvis, G. Burgess, D. Latham, R. Hamblen, D. Crandall, P. Reed
STANDING: P. Roberts, M. Hansen, W. Semon, M. Parent, J. Davis, M. Hamblen, D. Davis, P. Carey, K. Foss, R. Fletcher, S. Hamilton, F. Hager, D. Foss, B. Ackron
SCOUTMASTER: P. Grantz

photo 1970